A POWER COMIC

WOW! IT'S ALL HAPPENING IN POW!

POW! and WHAM!

No. 83
AUGUST 17th 1968
EVERY MONDAY 7d.

AUSTRALIA 18c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 18c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT! LOOK INSIDE!

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THE Fantastic Four INVADE ANOTHER GALAXY

"BEHOLD! A DISTANT STAR!"

WITH THE WEDDING OF REED RICHARDS AND SUE STORM NOT FAR AWAY, THE WORLD'S MOST DRAMATIC QUARTET FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO CONCENTRATE ON ANYTHING ELSE! AND YET, THERE IS STILL WORK TO BE DONE AT F.F. HEADQUARTERS! AS OUR MIND-STAGGERING TALE BEGINS, WE FIND BEN AND JOHNNY TRYING ON THEIR WEDDING TOGS, WHEN SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY, THE TEEN-AGER BURSTS INTO FLAME--!

BEN! JOHNNY! I'VE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU! I-- JOHNNY! WHAT HAPPENED?!!

SOME KIDS'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET OUTA WEARIN' A MONKEY SUIT!! --AND I DON'T BLAME 'EM!

IT MUST BE MY NEW POWER-RAY! I SHOULD HAVE TURNED IT OFF BEFORE ENTERING!

STAND BACK!! I'M FLAMING ON-- CAN'T STOP MYSELF!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

SORRY, JOHNNY! I'VE BEEN WORKING SO HARD TO COMPLETE THIS PROJECT BEFORE THE WEDDING, THAT I'M AFRAID I'VE GROWN CARELESS!

JUST COUGH UP THE DOUGH FOR A NEW SUIT, BOSSMAN, AND IT'LL BE OKAY! AND MAYBE THE NEXT ONE OUGHT TO BE ASBESTOS!

WHAT IN BLAZES! IS THAT CORNY-LOOKIN' GIZMO, ANYWAY?

TO PUT IT SIMPLY, IT'S A VARIATION OF A POWER AMPLIFIER! IT DRAWS ENERGY FROM AN UNKNOWN SOURCE FROM SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE CONFINES OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM, AND CONVERTS IT INTO RAW, USABLE POWER!

THANKS A HEAP FOR PUTTIN' IT SIMPLY! NOW, HOW ABOUT SAYIN' IT IN ENGLISH?

HI, ALICIA BABY! COULDN'T STAY AWAY FROM YOUR DREAMBOAT BEN ANOTHER MINUTE, HUH?

IS REED HERE, BEN? I THINK HE SHOULD GO IN TO SUE! SHE SEEMS TO BE UPSET ABOUT SOMETHING!

SUE, UPSET? I'LL BE RIGHT THERE, ALICIA!

SUE, DARLING! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, BUT PERHAPS THESE FLOWERS I TOOK FROM THE VASE INSIDE WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER?

I'M AFRAID IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN SOME FLOWERS, REED DEAREST...!

I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU THIS WAY BEFORE! TELL ME, SUSAN--- WHAT IS IT? HAVE I DONE SOMETHING---?

OH, NO, REED-- I JUST WISH IT WERE SOMETHING THAT SIMPLE!

IT'S MY FATHER! I SIMPLY CAN'T RECONCILE MYSELF TO THE IDEA OF HIS MURDER GOING UNPUNISHED!

BUT, SUE! HE WAS KILLED BY THE SKRULLS! HIS DEATH WAS PLANNED ON A PLANET COUNTLESS LIGHT YEARS FROM HERE!

AND HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE US --TO SAVE ALL OF EARTH! ISN'T THAT COMFORT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

NO! FOR, SO LONG AS THE SKRULL MENACE REMAINS, THEY MIGHT INFECT THE REST OF THE STARS AT ANY TIME! WHO KNOWS WHEN THEY'LL STRIKE AGAIN?!

EVEN AS THE TWO LOVERS SPEAK, A SKRULL SPACE YACHT GLIDES THROUGH THE EVENING SKY IN A FAR DISTANT GALAXY...!

MY LORD, MORRAT --IS IT NOT TIME WE RETURNED TO OUR HOME PLANET?

NOT YET, MY LOVELY PRINCESS! NOT WHILE THIS ANGER STILL RAGES IN MY HEART!

BUT, MORRAT! YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU! WHY SHOULD YOUR HEART BE SO FILLED WITH RAGE??

IT IS YOUR FATHER, THE KING! HE STILL REFUSES TO CONSENT TO OUR MARRIAGE!

HE STILL DISTRUSTS ME! ME--HIS GREATEST, HIS MOST POWERFUL WARLORD!

WAS IT NOT I WHO ARRANGED FOR THAT EARTHLING TO DIE WHEN HE RETURNED TO HIS HOME PLANET?? DID I NOT DO IT FOR THE GLORY OF THE SKRULL EMPIRE?!*

BUT IT WAS A CRUEL-- A HEARTLESS DEED! OH, WHY DO I LOVE YOU SO??

*AS SEEN IN FOW 60: "DEATH OF A HERO!" --BART.

MORRAT!! NO! PLEASE--- DO NOT SHOOT THAT HARMLESS GAME! THE NATIVES OF THIS PRIMITIVE PLANET USE THEM AS BEASTS OF BURDEN!

SILENCE, ANELLE! YOU ARE NOT YET MY WIFE!

NONE CAN TELL WARLORD MORRAT WHERE TO HUNT, OR WHAT TO HUNT! I DO WHAT PLEASES ME! AND, IT PLEASES ME TO REVEL IN MY POWER!

LOOK, ANELLE! SEE THE STEADY HAND, THE PIERCING EYE OF THE MAN YOU LOVE! SEE HOW NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN ESCAPE FROM WARLORD MORRAT!

ALL I CAN SEE IS THE HEART OF A SAVAGE BENEATH THE CLOAK OF A NOBLEMAN! YOU FORGOTTEN ME, MORRAT! I WISH WE HAD NEVER MET!!

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THIS ENDLESS, UNFATHOMABLE UNIVERSE...

HEY! NOW WHERE'S EVERYONE SKIPPIN' OFF TO? WHAT ABOUT THE WEDDIN' REHEARSAL?

BEN! THERE IS SOMETHING WHICH SUE WANTS ME TO TAKE CARE OF FIRST--AND I'M GOING TO DO IT!

WE'RE POSTPONING IT, WE'RE GOING TO THE PLANET OF THE SKRULLS--TO BRING DR. STORM'S MURDERER TO JUSTICE!

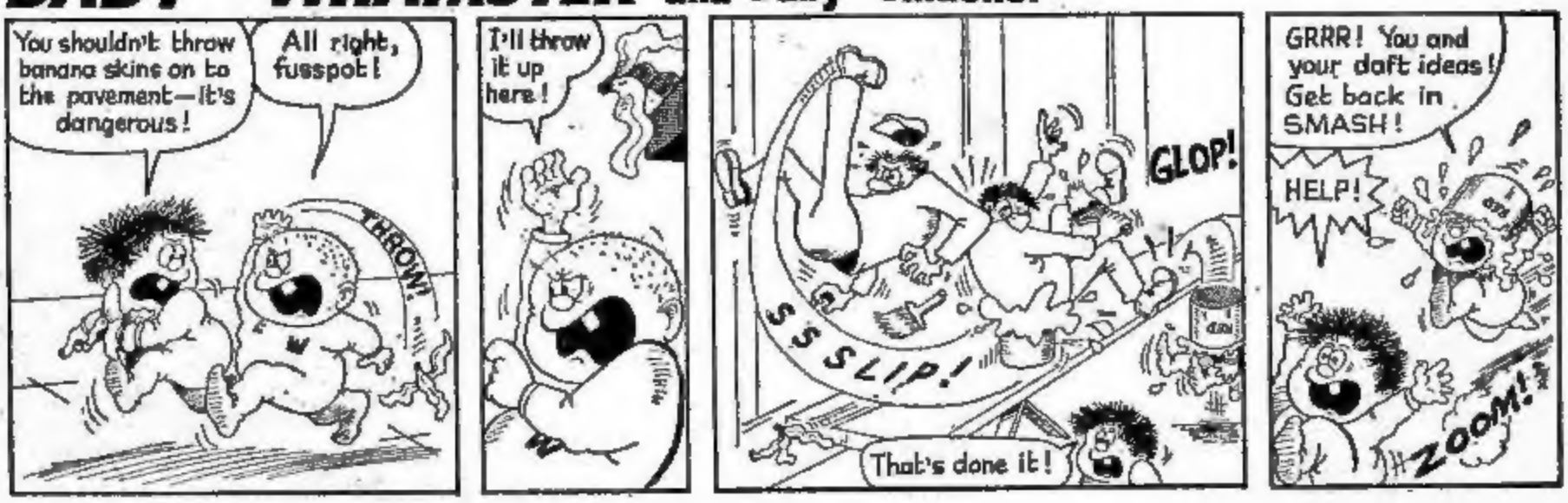
WHAT?? YOU MUST BE JOKING, REED!

I'M NOT JOKING, JOHNNY! WE'RE GOING TO DO IT!

RICHARDS, YOU'RE A PROFESSIONAL NUT! EVEN IF YA FIND A WAY TO GET THERE, I AIN'T TACKLIN' A WHOLE PLANET JUST ON YOUR SAY SO!

I DIDN'T MIND TANGLIN' WITH THE HULK--OR SUB-MARINER--OR DOC DOOM--OR ANY OF THOSE OTHER SUPER-POWERED SCREWBALLS! BUT, A WHOLE PLANET-- YEEESH!!

BABY WHAMSTER and Baby Smasher



news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

INTO the garret the other day ventured Power-reader PETER PHILIPS, comics fan first class and part-editor of "Heroes Unlimited," home-produced fanzine for similarly dedicated buffs! . . . (and incidentally the same fanzine whose readers voted FANTASTIC top of the British comics!). Peter came to pay a social call on AFFABLE ALF and also found time to yak matters of interest comics-wise with KID KEN MENNELL. One question Pete put was one which many of you true followers have asked in your letters . . . namely why here in the U.K. do we not feature the names of artist and writer of the various comics stories? . . . as for instance do our Marvel cousins in the States! A profound, nor even a practical reason KID KEN could not unearth. Seems it all comes down to a kind of tradition! Like no-one ever having DONE this, so no-one STARTS doing same. Maybe a tradition based on a typical British aversion to blowin' our own trumpets. In other words MODESTY! . . . a virtue which, as all true Brothers of Power are fully aware, your garret editorializers have in plenty! So now you letter-scribes can stop bombarding us with this same question, right?! 'Cause now you know the answer! Or DO you?

It is this same modesty that prevents us from exclaiming too much about what a HAPPY idea is our "SPOT THE BOOB" feature in FANTASTIC! For us as well as you! Because we have great fun deciding on which mistake to put in this week! And when we've chosen a LULU isn't it nice to have our leader *congratulate* us on making a *boob!!* Certainly makes a change!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Peter Coffey, Bolton, Lancs.; Malcolm Kyle, Glamorgan, South Wales; Ivan Goldlaing, Seven Kings, Ilford; Dennis J. Birrell, Plymouth, Devon; Raymond Holdsworth, Elland, Yorkshire; John Simpson, Queensland, Australia; Graham Puck, Edgware, Middx.; Keith Floyd, Birmingham 14; Mark Johns, Southend-on-Sea, Essex; Mike Smythe, Stanmore, Middx.; Tony Beardmore, Stafford; Ernest J. Ellwood, Barbon, Lancs.; Richard Donnelly, Huddersfield, Yorks.; Susie Clinkard, Colchester, Essex; Graham Almond, Dundee, Scotland; Harry Evans, Glamorgan, South Wales; John Harty, Liverpool; Adrian Delvare, Hendon, London; Martin Rogers, Redbridge, Essex; Paul Wilks, Kingston, Surrey.

And speaking about LULUS . . . big-hearted CASANOVA COS has come up with another! Another *competition* for all your Powerhousers! MORE great prizes going for no-cash FREE! Timing's not right to give you more info now (we don't want to ruin the EFFECT!) but we *can* tell you it's open to all readers of the Power Pack . . . and that you'll know MUCH MORE about it . . . NEXT WEEK!

Remember we were saying a week or so back about how our super-heroes have a habit of running into each other ("guest-starring" in each others' tales is one way of putting it) . . . well this week . . . in FANTASTIC! . . . this tendency is carried to the ULTIMATE HEIGHTS! Literally! For this week our very earthy green-skinned giant HULK rampages his way up to . . . you'll never guess it! . . . to ASGARD! . . . Home of the Norse Gods! *And if you think that adds up to a titanic tale you'll NEVER forget! . . . you're* right! *See for yourselves! In FANTASTIC* . . . right now!

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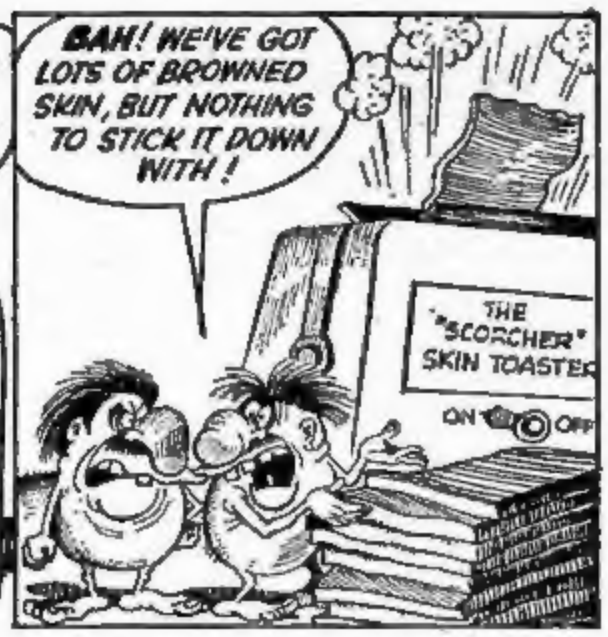
GEORGIE'S GERMS

HOP IT, OR WE'LL GIVE YOU A PASTING!
SLOSH!
YEAH! YOU'LL COME TO A STICKY END! HEH! HEH!

...NOW... IF WE COULD POUR THIS ON THEIR OL' TOASTER, THAT WOULD REALLY GUM-UP THE WORKS!
TACKO PASTE


BAH! WE'VE GOT LOTS OF BROWNED SKIN, BUT NOTHING TO STICK IT DOWN WITH!
THE "SCORCHER" SKIN TOASTER
ON OFF

OOPS! THAT SLICE IS COMING OUT A BIT WONKY! —LOOK OUT!
W-W-WOBBLE!
THE "SCORCHER" SKIN TOASTER
ON OFF

THOSE TAN TWERPS HAVEN'T SEEN ME—I'M SNEAKING UP FROM BEHIND—'COS I'M A ROTTEN COWARD!
THE "SCORCHER" SKIN TOASTER

EEK!

COO! THERE'S OUR PASTE COME BACK TO US!
HELP!— THEY'VE GOT ME COVERED!
TACKO PASTE

HELP! NOW THEY'RE SAWING DOWN OUR CHEST-NUT TREE!

TIM-BERRR!
DONG!

COME ON, YOU CHEST CHUMPS— GET THAT PASTED DOWN— WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GIVE A QUICK-ACTING TAN!
YEAH! HURRY UP, OR WE'LL TAN YOU!

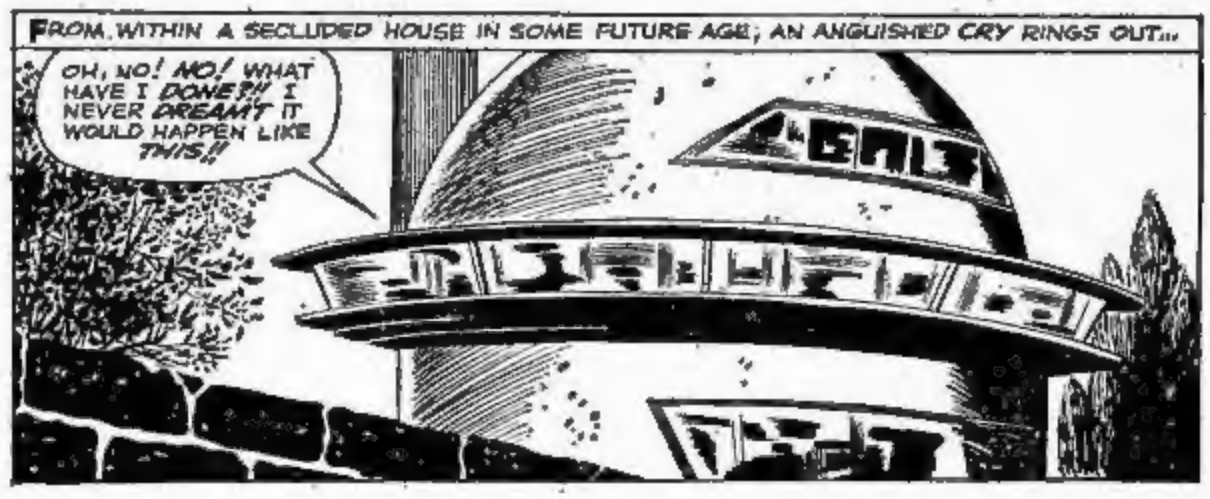
GOSH! I'M LOVELY AN' BROWN! WONDER WHY IT WORKS SO FAST!

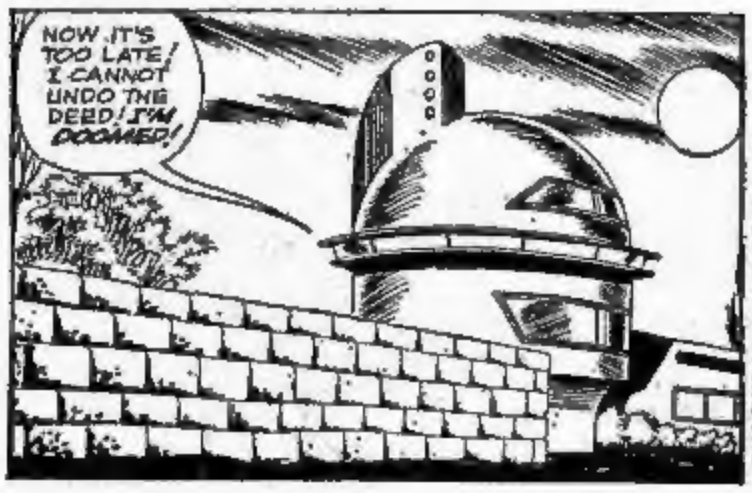
PHEW!— WE COULD TELL HIM!— GASP!!

YOUR POW! SHORT STORY

... TO LIVE FOREVER!

THIS IS THE STORY OF AN AMBITION ... AN OBSESSION ... AND THE STRANGE, CHILLING MANNER OF ITS *FULFILMENT!*





Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1964

"WITH MY DEBT TO SOCIETY PAID, I'LL BE FREE TO ENJOY MY WEALTH! I'LL BECOME AN INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOY!"

OWNING YOUR OWN SPACE YACHT! GOSH, LUTHER, YOU SPEND MONEY LIKE IT WAS WATER!

WHY NOT? I'M RICH AS MIDAS! AND WHEN I GO BROKE IN A FEW CENTURIES, I'LL KNOW HOW TO GET PLENTY MORE MONEY... AND IT'LL ONLY COST ME ANOTHER NINETY YEARS IN JAIL!

BUT MY ENTIRE PLAN DEPENDS ON MY DISCOVERING THE SECRET OF IMMORTALITY!

FOR MONTHS, I'VE BEEN STUDYING REPTILES THAT ARE CENTURIES OLD! I'VE EVEN EXPERIMENTED ON AGELESS VEGETATION! BUT ALL TO NO AVAIL!

BUT, IN SPITE OF HIS REPEATED FAILURES, LUTHER GORR'S PESTERING AMBITION DRIVES HIM ON AND ON...

THIS BARK IS FROM A REDWOOD THAT'S STOOD FOR FIVE THOUSAND YEARS! BUT NO MATTER WHAT TESTS I SUBJECT IT TO, I'M UNABLE TO UNEARTH ITS LONGEVITY FACTOR!

AND THEN, AS THE DESPONDENT SCIENTIST GAZES OUT THE WINDOW...

THOSE ROCKS IN THE DISTANCE... THEY TOO ARE A FORM OF LIFE! AND SOME OF THEM ARE MILLIONS OF YEARS OLD! IF I COULD EXTRACT THEIR IMMORTALIZING SUBSTANCE, AND ABSORB IT, THAT MIGHT BE THE ANSWER!

SO, IN THE GLOOM OF NIGHT, LUTHER GORR TRANSPORTS A STRANGE MACHINE TO THE SITE OF THE AGELESS ROCKS!

FIRST I MUST EXAMINE THE ROCKS' CHEMO-MOLECULE MAKE-UP TO ISOLATE THE LONGEVITY FACTOR!

WAIT! I THINK-- YES, I'VE GOT IT! A NEGATIVE ION IS WHAT CAUSES THE STONE TO ENDURE SO LONG!

NOW TO EXTRACT THE ION FROM THE ROCK... AND DRAW IT INTO MY MACHINE!

IT'S WORKING! MY ELECTRO-RAY IS ABSORBING THE NEGATIVE ION! WITHOUT IT, THE ROCK CAN NO LONGER EXIST! IT'S CRUMBLING TO DUST!

IT'S DONE! NOW I'LL RETURN TO MY LABORATORY FOR THE SECOND PHASE OF MY PLAN!

I MUST ASSIMILATE THE LIFE-SUSTAINING ION INTO A SOLUTION THAT MY OWN BODY CAN DIGEST!

FINALLY, AFTER LONG HOURS OF PREPARATION...

I HAVE IT AT LAST! THIS SERUM WILL INCREASE MY LIFE SPAN, EQUALLING THAT OF THE ETERNAL ROCKS! I WILL LIVE FOREVER!

BUT, BEFORE I DRINK IT, I SHALL PROPOSE A TOAST-- TO CRIME-- AND WEALTH-- AND THE INEFFECTUAL NINETY YEAR PRISON SENTENCE! HA! HA! HA!

AND THEN, TRIUMPHANTLY, THE EVIL SCIENTIST DOWNS THE FANTASTIC POTION!

THERE! I'VE SWALLOWED IT! NOW IMMORTALITY WILL BE MINE!

THE INCREDIBLE EXPERIMENT HAS BEEN COMPLETED! BUT ODDLY ENOUGH, AS THE FOLLOWING DAYS PASS INTO WEEKS...
STRANGE! LUTHER GORR HAS BEEN ABSENT FROM OUR LAST TWO SCIENCE MEETINGS!
HMM... I HAD AN APPOINTMENT WITH HIM, BUT HE NEVER... SHOWED UP!
I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM EITHER! WE'D BETTER GO TO HIS LAB AND SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT!

BUT, WHEN THE SCIENTISTS ARRIVE THERE...
HE DOESN'T ANSWER HIS BELL! BUT HE MUST BE IN THERE! THE DOOR'S LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE!
SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG! HE MIGHT BE ILL! WE'D BETTER BREAK IN!
RIGHT!

WE'VE SEARCHED THE WHOLE PLACE! GORR ISN'T HERE!
BUT THE LOCKED DOOR!? I DON'T UNDERSTAND?
NOR DO I! SAY—LOOK AT THAT HUGE ROCK!

I WONDER WHAT IT'S DOING IN THE LAB?
IF I KNOW GORR, HE WAS PROBABLY USING IT IN ONE OF HIS FAR-OUT EXPERIMENTS!
COULD BE! NOTHING IS BEYOND HIS GENIUS! HE'S EVEN BEEN SEARCHING FOR THE SECRET OF IMMORTALITY!

WELL, NO USE OUR REMAINING HERE! WE MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE!
YES! SOONER OR LATER GORR WILL PROBABLY TURN UP OF HIS OWN ACCORD!
THEN HE'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!

BUT ALAS, THE SCIENTISTS ARE MISTAKEN, FOR LUTHER GORR WILL NEVER AGAIN "TURN UP"! AS FOR AN EXPLANATION—WELL, IF THE MEN HAD ONLY EXAMINED THE ROCK MORE CLOSELY, THEY MIGHT HAVE SEEN A SMALL CRESCENT MARK—THE BIRTHMARK OF AN EVIL MAN WHO HAD ACHIEVED EVERLASTING LIFE—THE HARD WAY!!!
THE END

SPIDER-MAN MEETS... DR. STRANGE!
SUMMER SPECIAL!
THE MIGHTY THOR BATTLES HERCULES!
THE ORIGIN OF DAREDEVIL
HUMAN TORCH VS THE ICE MAN!
PLUS:
THE CLOAK!
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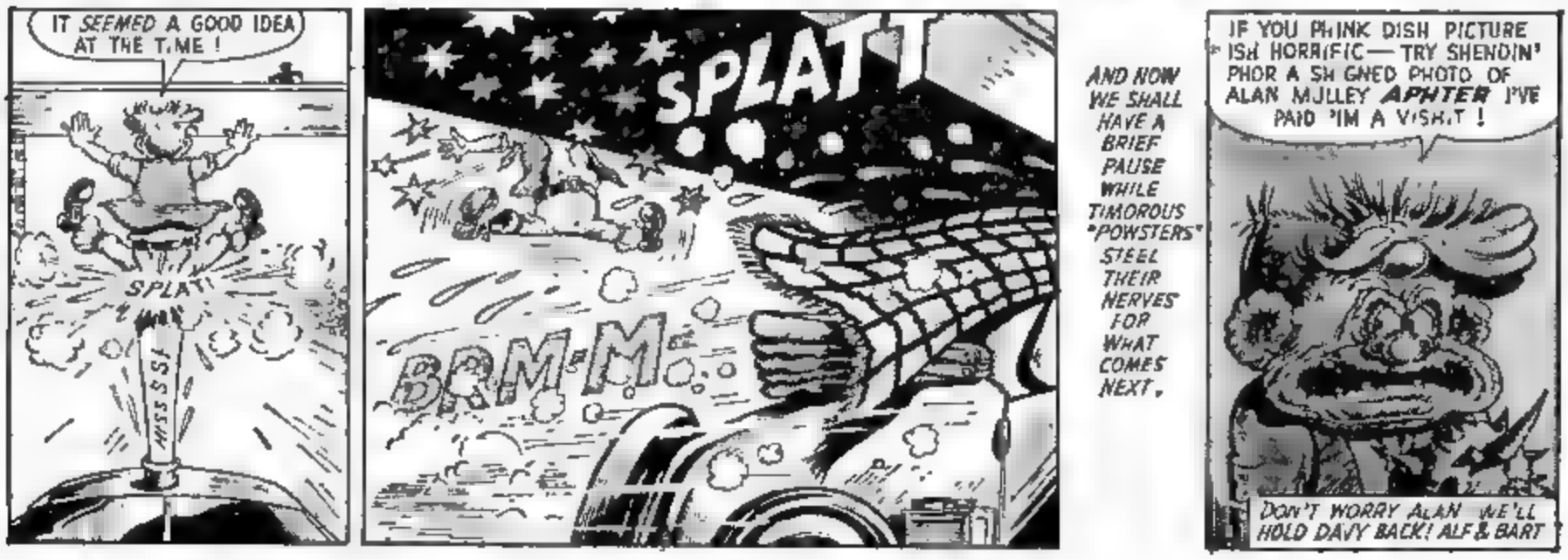


THE CLOAK vs. THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

THE CLOAK AND HIS MATES HAVE BEEN VAPORISED BY THE EVIL THING FROM OUTER SPACE. ARE THEY DOOMED TO DRIFT AROUND LIKE GHOSTS FOREVER?

LOOK! WE CAN PASS THROUGH SOLID OBJECTS. I FLOATED THROUGH THE TREE! WE'RE NO USE AS CRIMEFIGHTERS LIKE THIS

SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE BLUE ....

SCHVROOOM!

GAAH. I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THAT'S AN INTERGALACTIC POLICE PATROL SHIP. IF THEY CATCH ME HERE I'LL BE DEPORTED TO THE PLUTONIAN PLASTIC MINES.

ZOOM!

I'M OFF! I'LL DEAL WITH THE STUPID SPECIAL SQUAD BUILDING AT A LATER DATE.

MEANWHILE, THE EVIL THING FROM SPACE IS ABOUT TO DISINTEGRATE THE SPECIAL SQUAD BUILDING.

YAK! YAK MY RAY GUN IS AIMED!

SOON THAT BUILDING WILL BE A PILE OF DUST.

INSIDE THE POLICE PATROL SHIP....

I'M SURE THAT VILLA NOUS THING FROM SPACE IS DOWN HERE ON EARTH.

WE MUST SEARCH THE ENTIRE PLANET.

FOOM!

ERK! ANOTHER SPACESHIP! DON'T TELL ME IT'S MORE OF THOSE GHASTLY THINGS FROM OUTER SPACE!

LOOK! THOSE POOR EARTHLING TYPES HAVE BEEN VAPORISED! IT MUST BE HIS HANDIWORK.

PHEW. WE'RE IN LUCK! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE ANOTHER LOT LIKE HIM. I'M A SORT OF LAW OFFICER MYSELF ON EARTH. THAT VILE VILLAIN VAPORISED ME AND MY MATES.

GREETINGS, EARTHMEN! WE ARE OFFICERS OF THE INTER-GALACTIC POLICE PATROL. WE'RE HUNTING FOR A CRIMINAL—IT APPEARS YOU'VE ALREADY MET HIM!

HA! A VENUSIAN BONECRUSHER! IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO TAKE ONE OF THOSE THINGS OFF ITS NATIVE PLANET. THAT'S ANOTHER CRIME TO HIS LIST! TAKE IT ABOARD AND LOCK IT UP, MEN!

WHAT ABOUT US? WE CAN'T STAY LIKE THIS!

AH YES! I'LL JUST GIVE YOU A DOSE OF ANTI-VAPOUR RAYS AND YOU'LL BE AS RIGHT AS RAIN

CRACKLE!

GREAT! WE'RE NORMAL AGAIN! NOW WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS INTERPLANETARY VILLAIN?

WE'LL CATCH HIM TOGETHER! CLIMB ABOARD OUR SPACESHIP.

WOW! WHAT A PLACE! IT MAKES MY SECRET SANCTUM LOOK LIKE A MUSEUM IN COMPARISON.

I GET SICK EVEN IN AN AEROPLANE! HOW WILL I GET ON IN A SPACE-SHIP?

WE'VE TRACED THE VILLAIN'S FLYING SAUCER! PREPARE TO TAKE OFF!

OUR FIRST TRIP INTO OUTER SPACE! HOW'S *THAT* FOR EXCITEMENT?

I'D RATHER LEAVE THIS SORT OF THING TO DAN DARE!

FOOOOOOOM!

YAHAY! WE'RE WEIGHTLESS! WE'RE FREE OF EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL!

SKIP THE TALK! JUST GET ME DOWN

OOF! YOU COULD HAVE DONE IT A BIT MORE GENTLY.

SORRY! THE SHIP'S OWN ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY HAS BEEN SWITCHED ON.

SMAK!

THERE GOES GOOD OLD MOTHER EARTH I WONDER WHEN WE'LL SEE HER AGAIN?

PRETTY SOON, I HOPE!

ERK! LOOK WHAT'S HURTLING TOWARDS US!

WHOOOSH!

WOW! THAT THING WILL KNOCK US INTO THE MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK!

MORE LIKE THE MIDDLE OF NEXT YEAR!

METEORITE DODGING EMERGENCY ACTION!

MIK

PHEW! IT MISSED US! WE GOT AWAY BY THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH!

FOOM!

IF I HAD ANY HAIR, I'D HAVE TURNED GREY BY NOW!

INSTEAD, YOU'VE TURNED GREEN!

THERE'S A BLACK ASTEROID UP AHEAD THE VILLAIN MAY HAVE HIDDEN ON IT. WE'LL LAND AND LOOK ROUND.

VOOM!

YOU EARTHMEN WILL HAVE TO PUT ON SPACE HELMETS. THE AIR IS TOO THIN FOR YOU TO BREATHE.

LOOK AT ME! THE GRAVITY'S SO LIGHT, I CAN ALMOST *FLY*!

THIS IS A BLEAK-LOOKING DUMP! I CAN'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF LIFE!

ERK! CREEPY CRAWLIES!

THEY MUST LIVE IN THE SOIL! WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT OUR WAY BACK TO THE SHIP!

IF YOU THINK THEY'RE IN TROUBLE *NOW*, JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE OUR NEXT EPISODE! IT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!

THE TWO FACES OF JANUS

CLIFF GRABS FOR HIS LASER PISTOL, BUT—
AN ELECTRO-MAGNET IN THE CEILING WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR GUN!

THE GRILLE IS RAISED AND CHU SUN ENTERS THE ROOM...
I RECOGNISE YOU, YOUNG MAN... YOUR PICTURE WAS ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE DAILY BANNER! YES, I HAVE IT... CLIFF ADAM...
THEY SAY A GOOD REPORTER WILL GIVE ANYTHING FOR A STORY — YOU, MY FRIEND, ARE GOING TO GIVE YOUR LIFE!

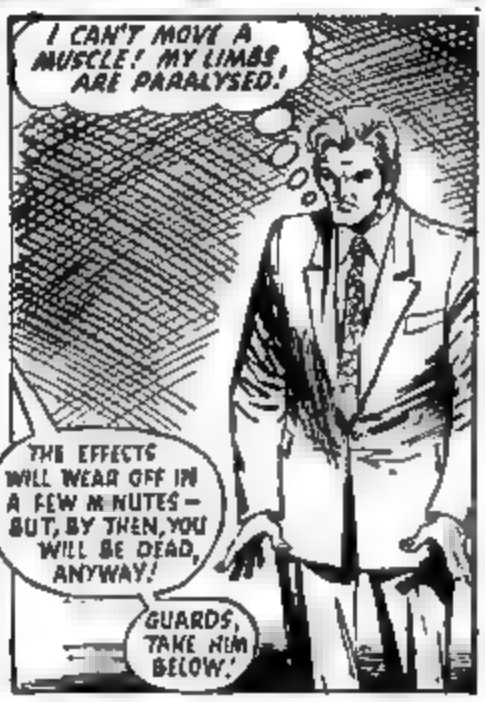
BUT LET ME FIRST PROVIDE YOU WITH THE STORY YOU CAME TO SEEK! YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, THAT THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD'S GREAT POWERS ARE NOW MEETING IN LONDON!
WELL, I INTEND TO KIDNAP THEM!

CLIFF STALLS FOR TIME AS HE ADJUSTS THE LIGHT-BEAM RINGS ON HIS FINGER...
AND HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO GET THEM AWAY FROM UNDER THE NOSE OF THE POLICE GUARDING THEM?
LET US SAY THEY WILL VANISH IN A CLOUD! BUT ENOUGH OF THIS! GUARDS, DISPOSE OF HIM!

CLIFF'S HAND COMES UP...
I DON'T DIE AS EASILY AS THAT, CHU SUN!

NOR DO I, ADAM! AS YOU SEE, YOUR RAYS MERELY HIT A PROJECTION OF MY SELF!

AND FROM WHERE I AM, I CAN FIRE A PARALYSING DART INTO YOUR NECK! IN FIVE SECONDS YOU WILL BE COMPLETELY HELPLESS!


I CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE! MY LIMBS ARE PARALYSED!
THE EFFECTS WILL WEAR OFF IN A FEW MINUTES — BUT, BY THEN, YOU WILL BE DEAD, ANYWAY!
GUARDS, TAKE HIM BELOW!

AS RIGID AS A STATUE, CLIFF IS PICKED UP
...AND TOSSED INTO A CELLAR, HALF FILLED WITH WATER...

WHEN THE WATER REACHES THE CEILING I'LL DROWN! AND I CAN'T DO A THING TO STOP IT!
CAN CLIFF ESCAPE FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE FIENDISH CHU SUN?—SEE NEXT WEEK!

SOMETHING UNFORESEEN IS ALWAYS HAPPENING WHEN HE'S AROUND! —
WIZARD PRANG
DEMON DRUID
IN
WIZ WAR!
— HE SPELLS TROUBLE FOR JUST ABOUT EVERYONE!
— AHA! JUST THE BOOK I WAS LOOKING FOR!
WITCHING PETS YEAR BOOK
THAT'S IT!! I'LL ORDER ONE TODAY — IT SHOULD ARRIVE AT THE SAME POST AS MY WEEKLY FOOD PARCEL!
VULTURUS FRIENDUS RARA AVIS
SUPER PETS — CAN BE TAUGHT ANYTHING!
LATER AT MOUNT UNPLEASANT SORTING OFFICE —
COR! STONE ME!! IT'S BAD ENOUGH HAVING TO HAUL THIS GRUB UP TO WIZ'S PLACE WITHOUT HAVING A PASSENGER! YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE BY AIRMAIL!
WITCHING PRANG THIS SIDE UP
CHAIN MAIL.
WIZ'S WEEKLY FOOD SACK.
LOOK AT DEMON DRUID — HE'S LYING IN WEIGHT!
HEH! HEH! HERE COMES OL' POSTIE WITH WIZ'S GRUB PARCEL. HO! HO! I'M GOING TO EAT WELL TONIGHT!
WIZ'S
GASP! GASP!
STAGGER! STAG—
CRU-UNCH!
OOOW!
OOH!
WALLOP!
AARG!
EEK!
WHAM! BAT!
HAR! HAR! THAT'S FIXED OL' POSTIE! OOO! THIS PARCEL IS HEAVY — IT MUST BE PACKED WITH TONS OF LOVELY GRUB!
?
ZOOM!
WIZ'S WEEKLY FOOD SACK.
THUNDERING HOOVES!
AHA! WHAT'S THIS? — IT FEELS LIKE A NICE, PLUMP TURKEY!
WIZ'S WEEKLY FOOD SACK
AARGH! WHAT IS IT? OOOH! MY DOSE!
STAB!
WIZ'S WEEKLY FOOD SACK
BLAM!
OOH! ARGH! EEK! I'M SORRY — PLEASE - OH! — TAKE ALL THE GRUB BACK! GASP!
HEE! HEE! I THINK WE'RE GOING TO GET ON WELL TOGETHER! I THINK I'LL GIVE YOU A NAME — ER — HOW ABOUT ENGLEBERT!
YEAH! HEE! HEE! HEE!
POOR OLD DEMON DRUID. I WONDER HOW HIS HEADACHE IS!
SLURP!
MUNCH! MUNCH! MUNCH!
COLA
ICE CREAM
GINGER BEER

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN in "MAN ON A RAMPAGE!"

AUNT MAY LIES AT DEATH'S DOOR IN HOSPITAL. SPIDER-MAN SEEKS THE HELP OF DR CONNORS—AND ORDERS A NEW SERUM, ISO 96, WHICH MIGHT SAVE HIS AUNT'S LIFE THEN THE SERUM IS STOLEN BY THE *MASTER PLANNER!* IN A BLAZING FURY, SPIDER-MAN SCOURS THE CITY. WHILE DOCTORS BATTLE TO SAVE HIS AUNT...

...IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, *SPIDER-MAN* CARRIES ON THE FIGHT AS ONLY HE CAN---!

A *HOT CAR* RING! MAYBE *THEY* KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE MASTER PLANNER!

IT'S *SPIDER-MAN!* LET'S GET *OUTTA* HERE!

I *HEARD* THAT HE'S BEEN TEARIN' UP THE CITY LATELY! BUT--*WHY?!*

HOLD IT! NOBODY LEAVES UNTIL I *SAY SO!!* THAT MEANS *NOBODY!*

CRASH!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

H-HE RIPPED OUT THE WHOLE BLAMED *STAIRCASE!!*

GET BACK *DOWN* THERE! I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS --AND YOU BETTER HAVE THE *ANSWERS!*

SKRAK!

AND *DROP THOSE GUNS* BEFORE I *REALLY* GET MAD!! I'M THROUGH TREATING YOU PUNKS WITH KID GLOVES!

M-MAYBE WE BETTER DO LIKE HE *SAYS!?!!*

I HEAR YOU TALKIN', CHARLIE!

BUT, AFTER LONG MINUTES OF RELENTLESS QUESTIONING...

IT'S NO USE! THESE SMALL-TIME CROOKS DON'T KNOW ANY MORE ABOUT THE MASTER PLANNER THAN I DO!

WHILE, IN HIS LAB, DR. CONNORS DOES SOME SOUL-SEARCHING OF HIS OWN...

EVEN IF SPIDER-MAN *DOES* BRING ME THE SERUM, WE *STILL* CAN'T BE SURE IT WILL BE SUCCESSFUL!

THERE'S NO WAY, OF KNOWING WHETHER IT WILL ASSIMILATE WITH MY *OWN* POTION UNTIL WE *TRY* IT!

AND SO, THE SECONDS FATEFULLY TICK BY, UNTIL...

BLAST IT! ANOTHER BLIND ALLEY! THIS PLACE IS *DESERTED!*

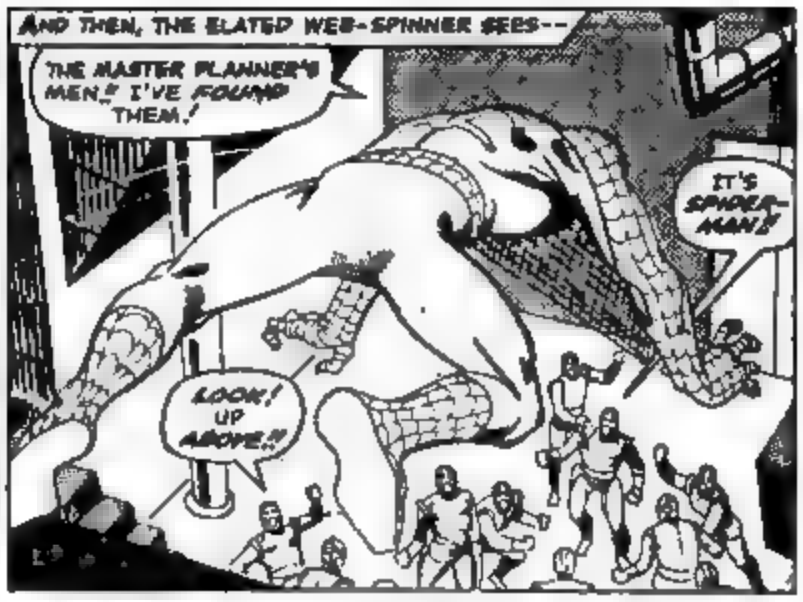
I'M RAPIDLY RUNNING *OUT* OF PLACES TO SEARCH!

NO! WAIT! MY *SPIDER SENSE* IS REACTING TO SOMETHING--!

SOMETHING *UNDER THE FLOOR* HAS CAUSED THE REACTION! IT MIGHT BE A *TRAP DOOR!*

IT *IS!* I CAN *SENSE* THE RELEASE MECHANISM!

VOICES! THERE'S SOMEBODY BELOW ME!
WHAT HAVE I STUMBLED ONTO THIS TIME?


AND THEN, THE ELATED WEB-SPINNER SEES--
THE MASTER PLANNER'S MEN! I'VE FOUND THEM!
IT'S SPIDER-MAN!
LOOK! UP ABOVE!!

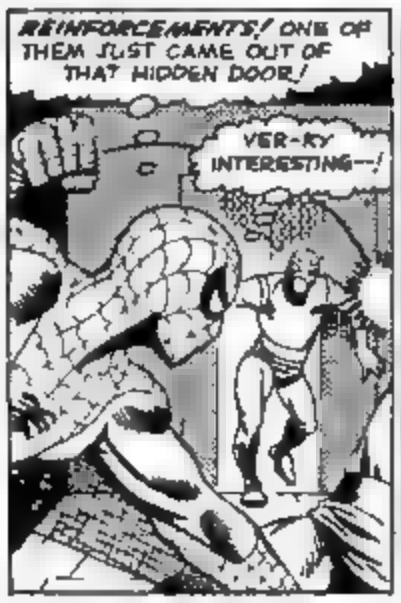
YOU'RE THE ONES WHO STOLE THE ISO-36! WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS THE SERUM??
THE MAN HAS GONE MAD!

WHAT DO YOU WANT THE SERUM FOR?
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? HE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE, ANYWAY!!

YOU BRAINLESS FOOLS! DO YOU THINK ANY NUMBER OF YOU CAN STOP ME NOW!?
UHHHH--!

I'LL GET THAT SERUM IF I HAVE TO TAKE THIS WHOLE PLACE APART--AND YOU WITH IT!!
RUSH HIM TOGETHER! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

BUT, DESPITE THE OVERWHELMING ODDS AGAINST HIM, SPIDER-MAN'S INCREDIBLE ABILITY SERVES HIM IN GOOD STEAD, TIME AND AGAIN...
WHERE'D HE GO??
HE WAS HERE A SECOND AGO!
ONE THING ABOUT THE PLANNER'S MEN-- THEY DON'T GIVE UP EASY!


REINFORCEMENTS! ONE OF THEM JUST CAME OUT OF THAT HIDDEN DOOR!
VER-RY INTERESTING--!

BUT, NO MATTER HOW MANY THEY ARE--HOW HARD THEY FIGHT--I'M MORE THAN A MATCH FOR ALL OF THEM!
WE NEED HELP! HE'S TOO STRONG--TOO FAST--! WHAT'LL WE DO?!!

THAT MIGHT BE WHERE THEY'VE STASHED AWAY THE SERUM!
I'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE BEFORE THE DOOR CLOSES AGAIN!

SLAM,
JUST MADE IT!

BUT, JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR---

SPIDER-MAN IS ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE SECRET TUNNEL-- SEARCHING FOR OUR STOLEN SERUM!

GOOD! I COULDN'T HAVE PLANNED IT BETTER IF I TRIED!

AND, THE VIAL OF ISO-36 WILL SERVE AS BAIT IN THE LITTLE TRAP I SHALL SET FOR HIM!

SILENTLY, STEALTHILY, SPIDEY GETS CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE HIDDEN UNDERSEA EDIFICE, UNTIL...

THE END OF THE TUNNEL! WHAT WILL I FIND IN THAT BUILDING BEYOND??

THE MASTER PLANNER MUST HAVE BEEN WARNED OF MY COMING--!

BUT, MY SPIDER-SENSE DETECTS NO ONE NEARBY!

ANYWAY-- I CAN'T STOP NOW!

A SPOTLIGHT-- SHINING ON THAT VIAL!

IT MUST BE THE STOLEN ISO-36 -- BUT IT LOOKS TOO TEMPTING-- TOO EASY! IT MUST BE A TRAP!

THEN SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY, A SHARP, HIGH-VOLTAGE ELECTRIC SHOCK HITS THE SPIDER-POWERED CRUSADER WITH STAGGERING FORCE--!

-UNHHH!- EVERYTHING'S SPINNING! CAN'T HOLD ON! FALLING--!!

BUT, BEFORE THE DAZED, STRICKEN YOUTH CAN REACH THE GROUND, A HIDDEN DOOR SLIDES OPEN AS FOUR SUPER-POWERFUL LIVING TENTACLES LASH OUT--!

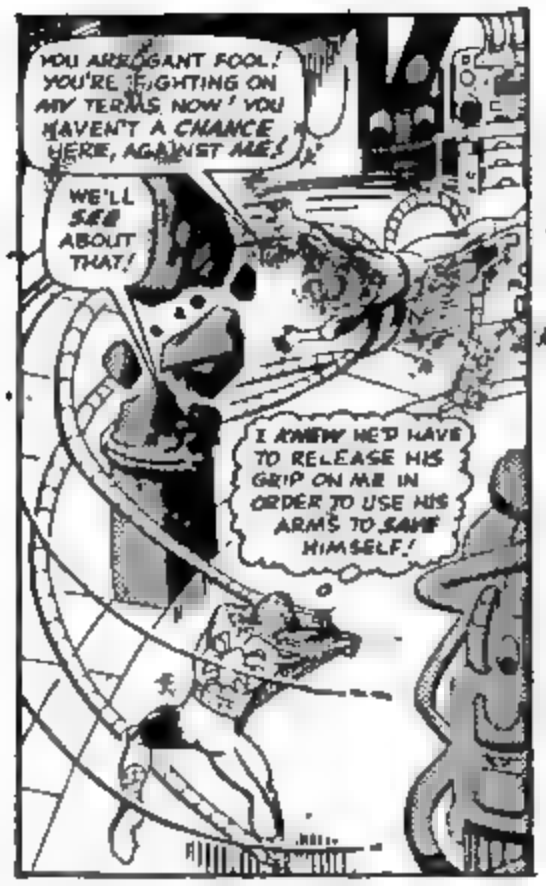
SO, SPIDER-MAN-- WE MEET AGAIN! BUT, THIS TIME, ALAS, IT SHALL BE OUR FINAL ENCOUNTER! NEVER AGAIN WILL YOU INTERFERE WITH THE PLANS OF THOSE WHO ARE YOUR SUPERIORS!

DOCTOR OCTOPUS!! THEN-- IT'S YOU WHO ARE THE MASTER PLANNER!!

ONE OF MY STRONGEST FOES--AND YET, I MUST DEFEAT HIM-- FOR THE SAKE OF AUNT MAY!

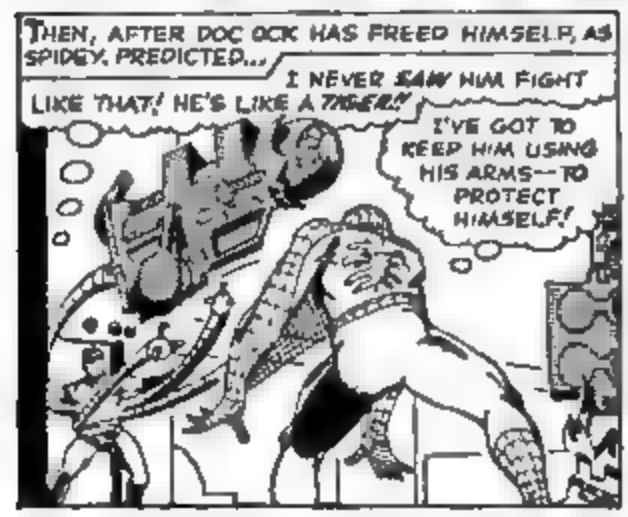
STILL GOVERNED BY A FIT OF FIGHTING, RAGING FURY, SPIDER-MAN USES HIS UNCANNY ADHESIVE POWER TO GRIP THE FLOOR AS HE DOES A SUDDEN FLIP-OVER--

I'VE BEATEN YOU IN THE PAST, AND I'LL DO IT AGAIN--NO MATTER WHAT YOU NOW CALL YOURSELF!!


YOU ARROGANT FOOL! YOU'RE FIGHTING ON MY TERMS NOW! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE HERE, AGAINST ME!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
I KNEW HE'D HAVE TO RELEASE HIS GRIP ON ME IN ORDER TO USE HIS ARMS TO SAVE HIMSELF!

I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED THAT HE'D BE THE MASTER PLANNER -- SINCE ALL HIS CRIMES DEALT WITH THE THEFT OF ATOMIC AND RADIOACTIVE MATERIAL!
SO YOU'RE LASHING OUT AT ME WITH YOUR ARMS AGAIN! GOOD! IT'S JUST WHAT I EXPECTED YOU TO DO!

YOU'RE BLUFFING! THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN COPE WITH MY FLEXIBLE, CLUTCHING ARMS -- UNNHHH!!
KEEP TALKING, BIG MAN -- AND I'LL JUST PRACTICE A LITTLE KNOT-TYING WHILE YOU DO!
HE'S TOO STRONG! HE'LL FREE HIMSELF IN SECONDS! BUT, AT LEAST I GAINED SOME BREATHING TIME!
AND I'VE MADE HIM LOSE THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE!

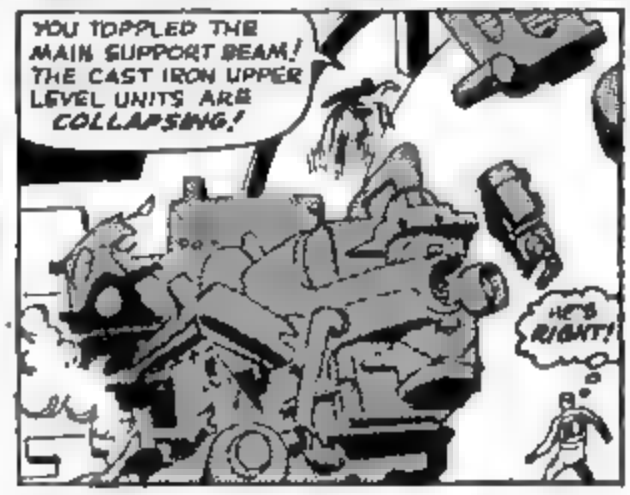

THEN, AFTER DOC OCK HAS FREED HIMSELF, AS SPIDEY PREDICTED...
I NEVER SAW HIM FIGHT LIKE THAT! HE'S LIKE A TIGER!
I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM USING HIS ARMS -- TO PROTECT HIMSELF!

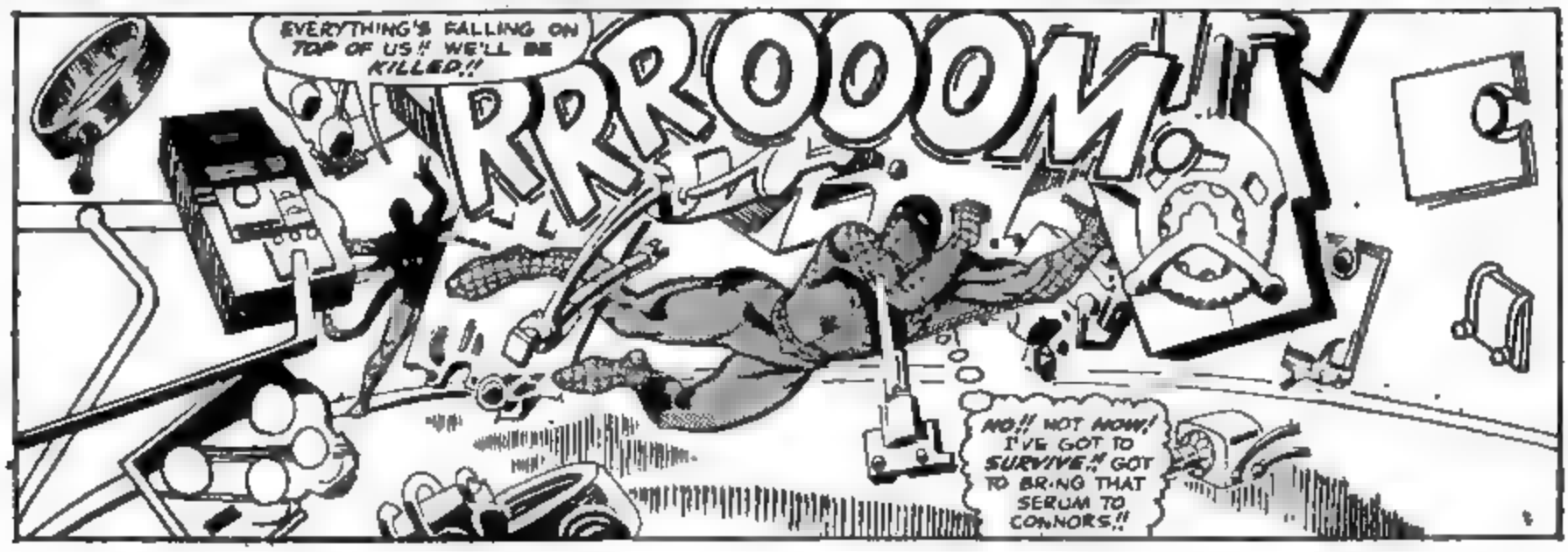
IF YOU EXPECT TO WRAP THOSE TIN TENTACLES OF YOURS AROUND ME AGAIN, FORGET IT!
I'M CALLING THE TUNE FROM HERE ON IN!

HE MUST BE BEATEN QUICKLY -- DECISIVELY -- SO I CAN GET THE SERUM TO CONNORS IN TIME!
THOK!

THERE'S NO WAY TO FIGHT HIM -- NO WAY TO STOP HIM! HE'S LIKE A RAGING HUMAN DREADNAUGHT!! I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!

YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY -- THAT SERUM WILL BE MINE -- AND YOU'RE MY SAFE PASSAGE OUT OF HERE!
CHK


YOU TOPPLED THE MAIN SUPPORT BEAM! THE CAST IRON UPPER LEVEL UNITS ARE COLLAPSING!
HE'S RIGHT!


EVERYTHING'S FALLING ON TOP OF US!! WE'LL BE KILLED!!
RRROOOM
NO!! NOT NOW! I'VE GOT TO SURVIVE!! GOT TO BRING THAT SERUM TO CONNORS!!

SECONDS LATER, AFTER THE REVERBERATIONS HAVE CEASED IN THE VAST, RUBBLE-FILLED CHAMBER...

CAN'T SEE DOC OCK! DON'T KNOW *WHAT* HAPPENED TO HIM! EVERY-THING IS SO QUIET--SO STILL!

I'VE GOT TO GET *OUT* NOW! NO BONES SEEM TO BE BROKEN--!

BUT THEN, THE WEARY YOUTH HEARS AN OMINOUS RUMBLE ABOVE HIM... AND, AS HE TURNS HIS HEAD, HE SEES...

THE LARGEST IRON UNIT OF ALL--BEGINNING TO SLIDE *DOWN* TOWARDS ME!! IT MUST OUTWEIGH A *LOCOMOTIVE!!* I'LL BE *CRUSHED!!*

I CAN'T *STOP* IT--BUT, MAYBE I CAN SLOW IT DOWN WITH MY WEBBING!!

IT'S NO *USE!* IT'S LIKE TRYING TO STOP A *BATTLESHIP* WITH A SLINGSHOT!!

I-I CAN'T GET OUT OF THE WAY IN TIME--!

BUT, BY TWISTING AND TURNING CAREFULLY, I MIGHT PLACE MYSELF UNDER THAT SMALL HOLLOWED-OUT AREA!!

I DID IT! I SAVED MYSELF FROM BEING *CRUSHED*--BUT, EVEN *MY* GREAT STRENGTH CAN'T LIFT THIS THING *OFF* ME!

I SEE THE VIAL OF *SERUM*--JUST AHEAD OF ME! BUT IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ON ANOTHER PLANET!

I CAN'T *REACH* IT FROM HERE--AND, EVEN IF I *COULD*, WHAT *GOOD* WOULD IT DO?

I CAN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF FAILING AUNT MAY--THE WAY I ONCE FAILED UNCLE BEN--!

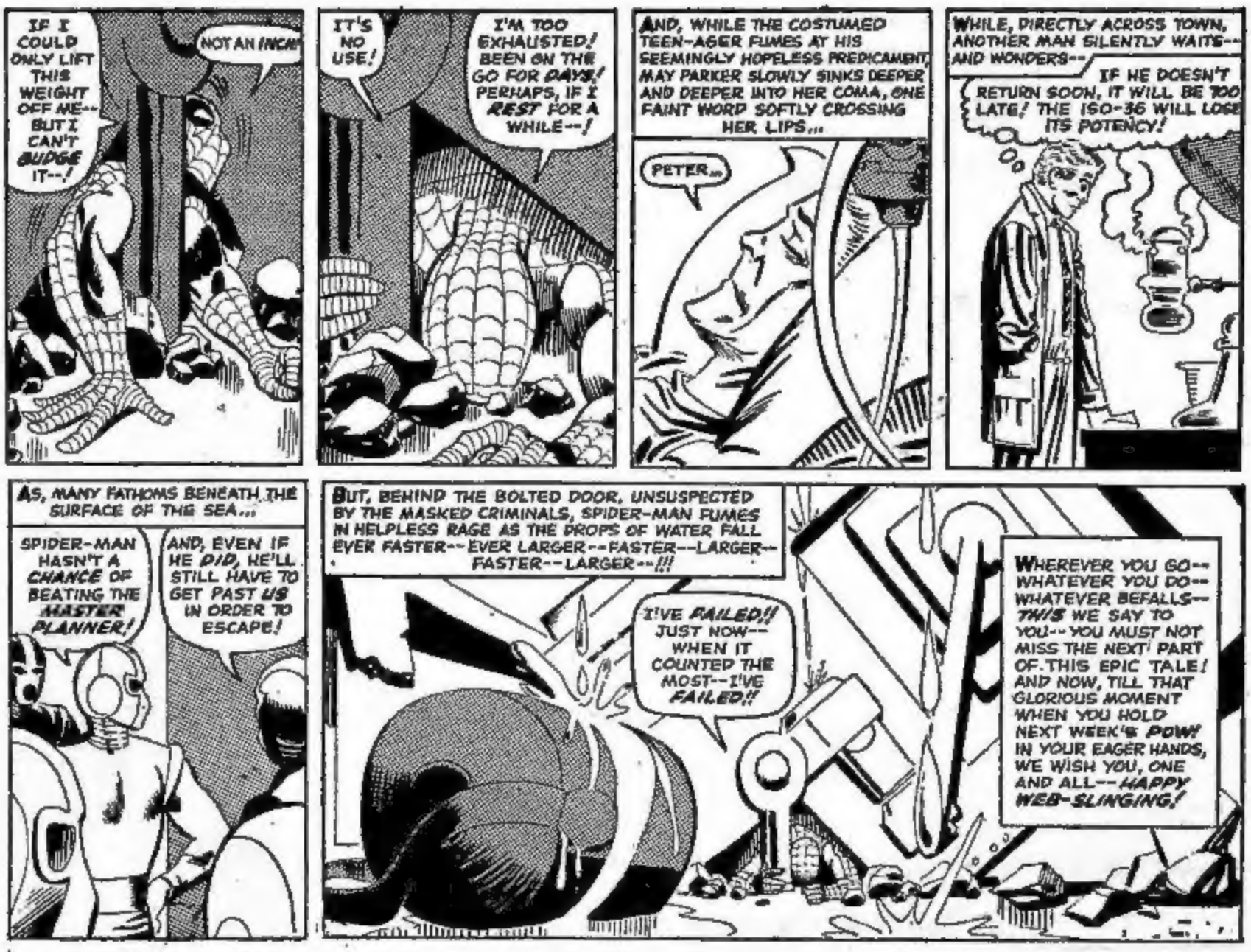
WAIT! WHAT'S *THAT*--??

DROPS OF *WATER*--FALLING FROM THE *CEILING!*

IT'S A SLOW LEAK, BUT IT'S GETTING *FASTER!* EACH DROP SEEMS TO BE GETTING *BIGGER!!* IF IT DOESN'T *STOP*--!!!

...THE WHOLE *RIVER* WILL COME SURGING THROUGH.

I CAN'T JUST STAY HERE AND WAIT FOR THE *END!* I'VE GOT TO *TRY* TO GET FREE!



Help brighten our day, frantic ones, and send us a letter to: Pow-Wow, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And . . . . . wait for it! If your letter is printed you win a genuine Spider-Man T-Shirt!

Dear Alf and Bart,

Why can't you see Spidey's eyes in the eye holes on his mask? And is the Thing stronger than Spidey?

Robert Burrows,
Aylesbury, Bucks.

Spidey has eyepieces of one-way plastic—like one-way mirrors. He can see out but nobody can see in. And as to who's the stronger, the Thing or our webbed wonder-boy . . . as far as we know it's never been put to the test! But we'd guess the Thing was actually stronger, while Spidey might have the edge in agility. Be interesting to find out, wouldn't it?

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

So far I am fascinated by your knowledge of a variety of subjects in Pow! If you keep this up teachers might let us have Pows instead of text books. Boobs are common in your comics, which makes it all the better, as it's only in a good film or book that critics take interest, and so find many good and bad points. The same with your comics. In Pow 74 in Dare-a-day Davy, you had a dinosaur and a sarcophagus in the British Museum, when all of us know that a dinosaur belongs to the Natural History Museum and the Mummy to the British Museum, which are quite some distance apart.

Stephen Lenon,
Crawley, Sussex.

Boy, you can't win, can you? Perhaps if we say the B.M. was minding the dinosaur for the N.H.M. while spring-cleaning was being done . . . no, no, it won't do! You've caught us out, and it's a fair cop! Sigh!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

In Pow 75 you had a giant worm in the Cloak's story with big black eyes. Worms do not have eyes.

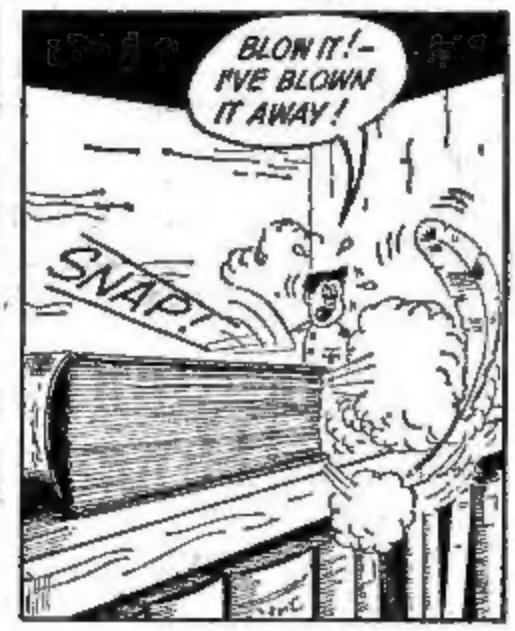
Stephen Cutmore,
Reading, Berks.

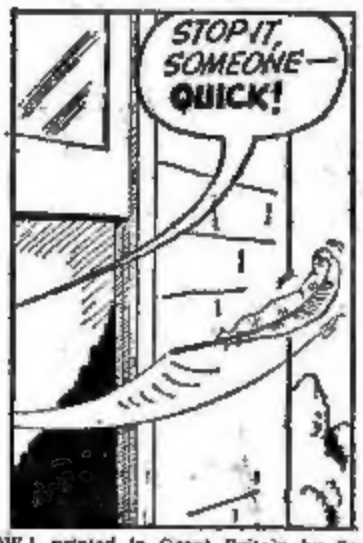
Ah, well, no, now . . . not the general run of worms, they don't have eyes. You're right there. But we'll make a deal with you—if you ever meet a criminal Irish leprechaun with a giant pet worm that follows orders you have a good look and see if that worm has eyes or not, and we'll bet you anything you like that it does. It must have done, or Mike Higgs couldn't have drawn it. You don't think he makes it all up, do you?

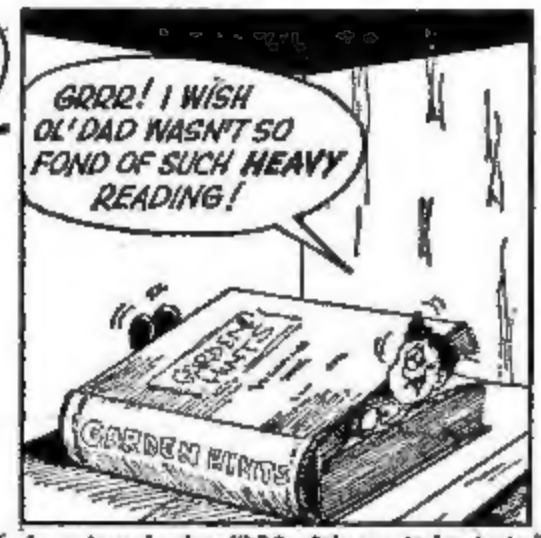
Alf and Bart.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR FANTASTIC SUMMER SPECIAL YET?

SAMMY SHRINK







POW! printed in Great Britain by Southernprint Limited, Branksome, Poole, Dorset, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland, 12 months 48/6; abroad (including Canada), 12 months 50/-; Dollar Rate for U.S.A. & Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
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